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INDIAN NOTES

VOLUME XI Nº1 • Nº2 • 1975



MUSEUM ^{OF}
THE AMERICAN INDIAN



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CLOTH SHOT POUCH

Decorated shot pouches like this one are carried by Montagnais Nascapi hunters in the bush. Cloth, with shoulder strap and beaded decoration. Collected by William F. Stiles. (Photograph by Carmelo Guadagno)

MONTAGNAIS, St. Augustin Band
Quebec, Canada

22/5516

6 × 15 inches,
overall

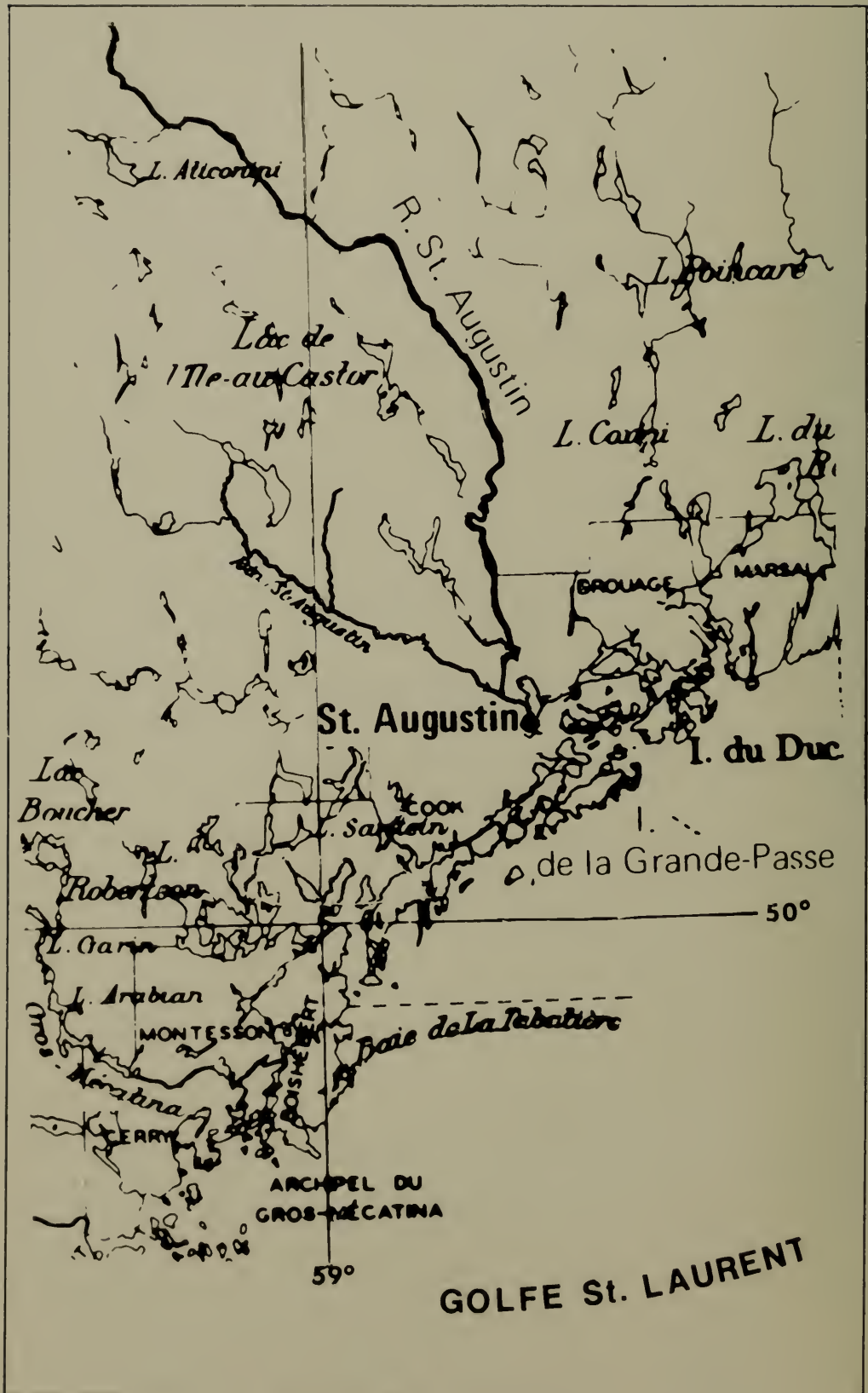
**A Trip into the Bush
with the St. Augustin Band of
Montagnais Nascapi Hunters,
Quebec Province, Canada**

Late Fall and Winter, 1958



**The Diary of
William F. Stiles
Curator of Collections
Museum of the American Indian
Heye Foundation**





Map of the St. Augustin area

A TRIP INTO THE BUSH WITH THE ST. AUGUSTIN BAND
OF MONTAGNAIS NASCAPI HUNTERS,
QUEBEC PROVINCE, CANADA

Late Fall and Winter, 1958

The Diary of William F. Stiles

Between 1947 and 1957, several ethnological trips to the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Province of Quebec, Canada, on behalf of the Museum had helped me become well acquainted with all the Indian people at St. Augustin, whose summer resting and trading ground it is. On many occasions they invited me to join in a fall trek to their winter hunting grounds, and I finally accepted. During the summer months of 1958, the necessary arrangements were made.

Friday
October 10
10:00 A.M. Arrive at St. Augustin from Seven Islands to find the last of the Indians gone. They had given me up, although I had informed them I would arrive by October 12. After conversations with trapper friends, I decide to attempt to catch up with the Indians. Having purchased some supplies and ammunition at the Hudson's Bay Post, I borrow a canoe and start on the first leg of my journey.

1:15 P.M. The weather is poor, overcast and cold, but with some sign of clearing. The estuary of the St. Augustin River is rough and choppy and the tide on the way out, but finally I enter the mouth of the river and proceed upstream. The river at the mouth is about one-half mile across, and the banks lining it are granite hills, for the most part treeless. At this point the water is swift and the river filled with sandbars; paddling is difficult. One must follow the eddies along the bank when possible.

2:45 P.M. The granite hills disappear and the first island appears; the river broadens; trees become more plentiful, with fir and birch predominating. The shore is now sandy; no game in evidence but black flies begin their annoyance — in October!

- 3:34 P.M. The sky clears and the sun shines and a flock of seven geese fly overhead.
- 4:45 P.M. I meet two white trappers with a motor-powered canoe. They tell me that the Indians left their first camp October 9 but that it is possible to catch up with them, as they are overloaded with supplies and traveling slowly. The white trappers, Dick Maurice's sons, take my canoe in tow and we go to their cabin, where we meet two other white trappers.
- 6:15 P.M. I have covered 20 miles. The cabin is very cold, built underground of logs and covered with moss which is still green. It has a low entry, through which we crawl on our hands and knees. The floor is made of logs in the round; there is a stove toward the back, no windows. A bench, made to accommodate one person, lines each side wall. Anyone who needs shelter uses this cabin, Indians included. It is 10 by 10 feet in dimension and 6 feet high, with a flat roof. That night, after a feed on pussels, wrinkles,* tea, and bannock, we talk and turn in at 10:30 P.M. Sky still clear.
- October 11 Day dreary and cold; slept restlessly on the log floor in a smoke-filled cold, drafty cabin. We arise at 4:45 A.M. and make some tea. I wait for daylight to move upstream, hoping to catch up with the Indians (they have a three-day head-start).
- 5:45 A.M. A beautiful sunrise, and I part company with the white trappers. The river is broad and calm, and its banks sandy. Paddling until 6:30 A.M. (three miles), I arrive at a recently abandoned Indian camp. A large pile of dunnage is still on the bank, cached and covered with canvas; obviously someone will return for it. I decide to wait until 4:00 P.M., and if no one arrives, I shall abandon the trip and return to St. Augustin village.

*Local names for scallops and periwinkles respectively.

While waiting, I examine the campsite. It has been abandoned two days or less. In the center of the camp area an enormous set of caribou antlers has been erected on posts and evidence of a dance exists. The Indians must have killed a big buck and held a ceremony. I am hungry and have no food available, so I try my luck with a shot at a young sea gull; no luck.

9:00 A.M. Two Indians approach with three canoes for their gear. It is Peon Peter and young Charlie Mark, age 14 years. We greet each other and prepare a fire for tea. The weather has turned cold and damp. Then we load the canoes for the four-mile trip up a very swift rapids—three men, four canoes. The water is shallow and tricky, but by means of paddle and pole we manage. About halfway to our destination, the weather worsens, and we arrive at camp after about two hours in snow and sleet. The camp is temporary, situated at the river's edge and just below another rapids much worse than those just traversed. There are three tents here.

5:00 P.M. The weather worsens, and by 5:00 P.M., we are forced to carry our supplies and gear back farther from the river and relocate our tents, as the river is rapidly rising.

6:00 P.M. I am at last settled in the tent of Peon Peter and his family (Peon, his wife, daughter, and adopted son) by 7:30 P.M., with a very sore back. I turn in to sleep.

October 12 Arise at 6:00 A.M. Weather still overcast with signs of clearing. Slept well, back feeling better. This is a fine campsite. The seven families that left yesterday should have cleared the second rapid by now.

Tea and bannock for breakfast, nothing else available; spent my morning helping and looking. Women are preparing bannock for the trip ahead. Three methods of making bannock evident: (1) in iron skillet on top of stove; (2) in iron pot hung over open fire; (3) baked in the ground.



I locate a hook and line left by previous Indians, so Peon and I fish for trout in rapid eddies; however, the water is too deep and swift and only one small trout is caught, hardly enough for 18 people.

The weather has cleared, clouded, snowed, sleeted, and is now trying to clear again. The Indians are very cordial to me, and the children well behaved. I hope the weather clears sufficiently to take some pictures.

11:50 A.M. One man leaves camp in his canoe for the balance of his gear at the previous camp. We may break camp and push on tomorrow in the morning, weather permitting.

6:00 P.M. General activity this evening with the preparations for the move up the next rapid. A porcupine shot near camp this afternoon is being prepared for dinner. I note with surprise that game is scarce so far; have seen very little wildlife, a few birds, bear tracks, and nothing else to date.

8:00 P.M. Two Indian men come to our tent this evening just to talk (in Montagnais).

8:15 P.M. Two Indian boys have just come to tell me that another boy at William Poker's tent is sick and to ask me to help him. I find the boy has a bad headache, give him some aspirin, and trust it will cure him.

Back at our tent, I listen to the conversation, have some tea and bannock, and return to my sleeping bag at 10:00 P.M.

October 13
6:00 A.M. Arise, weather overcast. Almost upon arising the tents are folded by all the people (this takes about 15 minutes). The dogs are barking and there is a general orderly disorder as the canoes are loaded for the next leg of the upstream journey.

10:00 A.M. Six loaded canoes are pushed from the shore, having one man in each. The women, children, dogs, older men, and I start off on foot, carrying what we can



amidst the wail of the infants, laughter and general noise of the children and barking of the dogs.

The trail along the river is strewn with large rocks and boulders, and as we turn into the forest we cross brooks and climb over downed trees. The trail is wet and soggy. The young girls (15 years approximately) carry the infants in a pouch on their backs.* This pouch is held in place with a band around the forehead. The small children unable to navigate the rough terrain are literally dragged along by the hand.

*Obviously a young girl who carries an infant on the trail is of marriageable age. As the child is not hers, it is probably her task to care for it so she can experience this type of responsibility. It was a tough trip.

12:00 Noon By prearrangement the walking group stops in a clearing out of the forest and on the river's edge, which is again lined with large boulders. Dry wood is gathered for the fire and we await the canoes. Soon they appear and are beached, and the men then join us for tea and bannock. This gives both the walkers and canoemen a rest for the journey ahead. The rapids at this point worsen and extend far upstream.

1:15 P.M. The meal finished and we are all rested; the canoes push off and we continue our walk. My natural curiosity and picture taking caused me to dawdle, and as the Indians on shore pass out of my sight, one by one the canoes pass me, so I begin to pick up speed to catch up with the walkers. Suddenly the last canoe appears. The others ahead of him are now out of his sight and I sense he is in trouble. I discover the rapid water has overwhelmed him and he is unable to control his canoe and seems to be headed for disaster; he has lost all control and is drifting wildly in the rapids. Fortunately the canoe comes to a precarious perch on a large rock and for the moment he is safe.

Seeing this, I race ahead and am able to attract the attention of another canoeman.* The latter returns to shore, where I help to unload his canoe, and he is off like a flash down the rapids to the assistance of his companion, whose situation has by now become worse. I return to the spot on foot and another canoeman comes into sight and the situation is under control. It could have ended in disaster, however, with the loss of the Indian's canoe and winter supplies and even his life.

The three canoes return to shore, and the loads are readjusted. The canoes return to the water and the rapids, and I start off once again to catch up with those on shore, who by now are three-quarters of a mile ahead. About one-half mile ahead the boulders

*The canoeman first to the rescue is Charles Mark, age 14 years, who looks and acts at least 20.



and rocks disappear; the trail enters the forest and goes straight up a mountain. So far this has been a tough trip, especially with a back load, and I begin to wonder how the women and children are able to do it. It is impossible to realize the problems that beset these people on the trail unless you are one of the party.*

3:00 P.M.

At last I catch up with those ahead, who fortunately have stopped again to rest at a prearranged place on

*The courage and stamina of these people is something to wonder at.



the other side of the mountain. This one has been used as a campsite; many of these stops show camp and sweat lodge evidence, some recent, some old.

Soon the canoes appear in the rapids and in time are beached. The men build a fire to warm and dry themselves. A canoe that has been damaged and is leaking is unloaded and brought ashore to be patched. The patch (canvas) is applied with hot pine pitch, and when reloaded, the canoe is ready again for the rapids ahead.



A sweat-lodge frame

After a short rest we all proceed on the journey, the canoes afloat and we on foot. This forest trail is much better; a short way along the trail the dogs tree a porcupine, but guns and axes being packed in the canoes, we are unable to catch it. It disappears into the forest, and we continue our trip.

4:15 P.M.

We come to our next prearranged stop, which has been often used as a campground; there is evidence of many tents and three sweat-house frames still stand. In about ten minutes the canoes are in sight and are beached. The men come ashore and council is held. It is evident that they are planning to camp here, for although the worst of the rapids have been passed, swift water lies ahead. Decisions are made as to who will pitch tent where. That done, the Indians break out the gear and set up their tents; within 20 minutes tents are erected and the girls and women have laid a bough floor and the stoves are lit. This ends the day.

7:15 P.M.

Some activity in another tent; obviously a private ceremony; I can hear a beat of rhythm and a mumbled prayer. This happens twice, then several

calls in a loud voice outdoors. I am unable to find out what this means. Weather at this time cold, with sleet and snow; later it clears, but the night is cold. Retire at 9:30 P.M.

October 14
5:45 A.M. Arise. Weather fair and cold, 25 degrees below zero F.; ground snow covered about ten inches.

7:00 A.M. Three men leave to pick up remaining gear at previous camp. William Poker (our headman) and his grandson and I leave in search of food; our trek takes us up a mountain to a trout pool which teems with fish. On the way, crossing a swift brook with my gun in hand, I jump to a large rock in the center of the stream, slip, and fall in the icy water. My companions show no concern; they continue on the trail, leaving me to my own devices. I continue as soon as possible, following their tracks in the snow, and finally catch up to them. The old man, the boy, and their dog are sitting in the snow, and the old man is pointing out places of importance to the boy, who has not been on this trail before. It is an interesting interlude as the story of what to look for, where to hunt and fish unfolds, so much so that for the moment I forget my discomfort.

10:00 A.M. Finally arrive at the trout pool; fish for a couple of hours with string and commercial brass lure, until the lure snags on a rock and is lost, at which time we gather our frozen trout and begin the descent to our camp. We have had no lunch, and not until we return do we eat. The trout tastes good even though it was prepared in the whole on the stove.

4:00 P.M. One tent has been folded in our absence and the occupants have pushed farther upstream to the next campsite.

5:00 P.M. Peon Peter, one of the three men who left for their gear in the morning, has carried it to the advance campsite and deposited it, and returned here with his two brothers-in-law. They will sleep in our tent tonight. Also I have just been told that half of my 50

pounds of flour ration was lost in the rapids en route. This will no doubt lessen my staple food supply, but time will tell.

It is apparent we will move again in the morning to the next upstream campsite, weather permitting.

7:30 P.M. We are all preparing to sleep, which we do fully clothed; however, Peon sleeps on the evergreen floor with no mattress or cover, and it is his duty to keep a constant vigil, making sure the fire is going all night every night. This is accomplished between naps, as he really never sleeps. The weather has turned overcast and is threatening snow.

October 15
5:15 A.M. Arise. Snowed during the night, but has cleared to overcast at present. Tea and bannock for breakfast after a freshening up at water's edge.

6:30 A.M. Camp activities start; gear gathered; tents folded and three canoes packed for the next journey upstream.

8:30 A.M. Leave in the canoes, which we pole and paddle. It is snowing and sleeting as we traverse the rapids to their end (first of this series). We have gone about ten miles and are wet and cold and have passed the mouth of the Mush (fly) River where it enters the St. Augustin River from the east.

4:00 P.M. Arrive at our campsite and set up three tents on the wet ground. Fir boughs are soon in place; stove erected, fire made, and at last we manage to dry ourselves somewhat.

5:15 P.M. A meager meal of fried wild cranberries, bannock, soup, and tea satisfies our hunger, and I am somewhat comfortable at last.

6:30 P.M. Peon Peter informs me that we have one more day's journey to base campsite from which our group will trap. The people I am with continue to be very cordial.

This campsite is situated on high ground and about 150 yards from the river's edge. It is on the west bank

and in heavily timbered terrain. Looking across the river to the east, one can see high snow-capped mountains.

William Poker and his group set up base camp near the mouth of the Mush River and will proceed up that river and overland to their hunting grounds around Salmon Pond.

7:30 P.M.

There are presently in the tent 3 men, 4 girls, 2 children, and 1 woman. They are chattering about general topics (in Montagnais).

I have become aware of the home-knitted stockings these people wear; the designs and colors are quite impressive. I shall attempt to photo or sketch some of them tomorrow, time permitting. These stockings are seen now only at a few settlements and are fast disappearing. They are worn by men and women over at least two pairs of wool socks purchased at the Hudson's Bay Company's post. Extra undersocks are added as the weather gets colder, and in dead winter they have as many as five pairs, including the homemade ones, under their moccasins.

There is evidence of another caribou having been killed at this place within the past week. I saw en route this day jay birds, duck, salmon, red and brown squirrels.

8:15 P.M.

Prepare to sleep; the snow continues.



- October 16
5:30 A.M. Arise. The weather has cleared; temperature 15 degrees F.; had a comfortable night; back better.
- 6:15 A.M. Breakfast of cranberries fried in caribou fat, oatmeal with dry milk, bannock, and tea.
- 6:35 A.M. A lot of commotion; the dogs have located a porcupine and killed it, but not before two of the younger ones have gotten a mouth and tongue full of quills. The men set about removing the quills with pliers, amid howls and whines, while a woman burns the remaining quills from the porcupine, preparing it for a future meal.
- 7:00 A.M. Indians decide to make the final run to base campsite upstream. The usual sequence of breaking camp (four tents).
- 8:30 A.M. Loading of the canoes is complete and we embark for points north; the river is rough and shows signs of icing.
- 9:00 A.M. En route we pass seven canoes loaded with Indians, dogs, and gear. These people had camped a few miles farther upstream than we and had spent more time at their campsite.
- 10:30 A.M. Our party goes ashore for a rest and has tea and bannock, after which we continue on to our destination, a base camp at Charlie Bedeau's (Bellows'?), named after an old-time trapper who had a cabin there and lived in it until he died some 20 years ago. The cabin, though in bad condition, still stands.
- 4:15 P.M. We finally arrive, having traveled about ten miles since morning (en route I saw much evidence of beaver activity—a beaver lodge, a beaver—large trout and salmon and a lone duck in flight; the Indians shot at the latter, but it was out of range). The weather has worsened—rain, snow, and sleet along the way. The canoes hurriedly unloaded, campsites selected, poles cut, evergreen boughs cut and carried in by the women and girls, the stove erected and a fire started.

- 6:30 P.M. We finish just in time and secure the canoes high and dry and inverted. The rain, snow, and sleet have come.
- 7:45 P.M. Supper of bannock and tea, and then settling for the night. The sleet comes on with vengeance and the tent leaks a little. Peon says we (the men) will be here for about a week before the trek on foot up and over the mountains to set traps for the winter.
- October 17 6:00 A.M. Arise.
- 6:15 A.M. Breakfast of cranberries, porcupine, bannock, and tea. About three inches of snow fell during the night. It is now clear and cold, with signs of a warming trend and a thaw.
- 7:00 A.M. The men and I leave camp to locate, cut, and bring in dead wood, which is difficult to obtain, as they do not cut green trees. The trees cut are usually one foot in diameter, but I have seen them 30 inches in diameter. These they split in four sections with a homemade wooden wedge. The length of the log varies, but it is usually 10 to 15 feet long and very heavy to carry on the shoulder through the forest and snow; some pieces are carried this way one-quarter of a mile. When using a saw to fell a tree, which is not usual, the men will throw snow into the cut to help the blade slip more freely; an ax is most usually used, however. Once brought in, the wood is deposited near the tent and the girls saw it into 16-inch (approximately) lengths and split it with an ax into stove size.
- 10:30 A.M. Six canoes are loaded, and those Indians head upstream to the next campsite. Of the nine tents still here, four will be gone tomorrow, heading upstream to the trapping ground farther north. The occupants of the remaining five tents will base camp here and the men will trap up the mountains to the east.
- 10:45 A.M. The men and I have finished cutting and hauling wood for the present and return to camp, where they announce they will leave to catch trout this afternoon.

- 11:30 A.M. Three canoes leave to fish; I am invited; we have no lunch today and paddle downstream on the east side of the St. Augustin to a small pool filled with trout.
- 12:15 P.M. On arrival we find it iced over with a thin sheet; this must be broken for us to fish, and it is done by driving the canoes in unison up onto the ice and cracking it by sheer weight of the canoes and their occupants. With the ice broken, the swift water soon clears the area, and we are ready to proceed.
- We cut long poles approximately 20 feet, to which we affix large barbed hooks. Boarding our canoes and making much commotion, we drive the trout to the shallow end of the pool and wait quietly for the fish to settle, at which time we slip our pole, hook attached in an upright position, into the water along the bottom and, with luck, under a fish. With a jerk toward the canoe and a little luck, we are able to impale the fish and throw it up on the shore to be retrieved later. We catch two 3½-pound trout and six or seven smaller ones. We give up after two hours, as the fish have scattered.
- 3:30 P.M. Return to camp. Weather has turned overcast and cold, and it looks like more snow is coming.
- 4:00 P.M. Have a meal of trout, porcupine, bannock, and tea and rest for one-half hour.
- 4:30 P.M. The men are having a conference and are deciding on a salmon-spearing trip for tonight; 8:00 P.M. is the time set to start, so all turn to the activity of preparing for the trip. We gather birch bark for our torches while one man prepares the spears, and finally all is in readiness.
- 7:50 P.M. The canoes are loaded, but just as we start for the shore, we are stopped and told that too many want to go. Peon Peter, William Lalo, and I are asked to remain, as the rapids where they spear are bad and only two men should be in a canoe in the rapids at night as a safety precaution. We agree after a promise

to be taken another time. So three canoes leave with six men after much fanfare.

8:15 P.M. They have just hit midstream, and as I write these notes an Indian boy sits quietly watching me. In ten minutes three more boys enter the tent and palaver.

9:00 P.M. The weather holds cold and damp but no snow, so I retire.

October 18

5:15 A.M. Arise. Sky clear, air cold and fresh.

6:00 A.M. Men returned from salmon spearing about 12:40 this A.M. with 17 salmon, so we have fried salmon, bannock, and tea for breakfast.

6:45 A.M. Four canoes leaving for upstream as planned while those remaining here return downstream for the balance of the gear.

7:45 A.M. A woman is fleshing a caribou hide for tanning while old Julia is making a hoop to stretch a sealskin to which she affixes it. Another sealskin is being soaked in the river, attached to a rope staked to the shore and weighted with a large rock. The hide is swirling in the current. The weather is turning overcast and damp and cold.

11:00 A.M. Started to snow once more. The children are playing in the snow, having made sleighs of a half section of a log. Fortunately, I was able to photograph all the people in camp this morning, but was forced to stop by the heavy fall of snow.

12:30 P.M. Lunch of fried salmon, bannock, and tea. Remain in the tent all afternoon.

4:00 P.M. The men return with the loaded canoes containing the balance of their supplies and gear, which I help them unload. They are now ready to prepare for their trip on foot to their traps. They tell me they saw a very large beaver and a small herd of caribou en route, but did not give chase because of the weather conditions.



Above, woman fleshing a caribou hide for tanning; *below*, sealskin is attached to a frame for stretching.





Boy sitting astride his log-sled



- 6:30 P.M. Supper of *boiled* salmon, bannock, and tea for a change.
- 7:30 P.M. One woman visitor in the tent this evening, looking at an old issue of *National Geographic* magazine.
- 9:00 P.M. Prepare to retire; still snowing hard.
-
- October 19 Sun rose late; arise 6:10 A.M.; weather fine. Passed up the salmon this breakfast for oatmeal, dried milk, and tea. Spent the morning taking photos of the men in camp.
- 12:50 P.M. Lunch of porcupine, bannock, and tea. After lunch the woman continues to tan the caribou hide. Weather turning overcast, cold, and damp.
- 1:15 P.M. The men are preparing three canoes to go fishing, and I am invited. We are going three miles downstream and across the river to a small creek that enters the St. Augustin River.
- Upon arrival, two men proceed to stretch a gill net across the creek while the remaining three follow the bank with our hooked poles, in search of resting fish. The procedure same as that of October 17. However, we are on foot along the creek bank and not in canoes. We do not meet with much success, each having caught only one. We abandon the chase and return to the men at the net. Meanwhile the gill net has been set, weighted with stones and floated with wooden floats, and the two Indians have taken to their canoe, with one quietly paddling upstream. Suddenly they turn, and with wild shouts and paddles churning the water, they drive their canoe rapidly toward the net. As they approach close to it, they turn quickly and repeat the action. This is done two or three times; then they return to the net and haul in the catch—about 34 trout. Having what they consider enough to eat for 22 people, they fold the net, place fish and equipment into one canoe. Three of us then *carry* the canoe and contents through a swamp back to the river's edge (a *shortcut* saving us an up-rapids

paddle of about two miles); the other two men, each in a canoe, take the water route back.

After returning to the river, we rest and wait for the paddlers, who soon arrive, at which time we divide the catch—six trout for each tent—the largest and four extra going to the two leaders of the trip.



Dividing the catch

4:45 P.M.

Then we return to our camp across the river en masse to have a meal of trout, bannock, and tea. There is talk about salmon spearing tonight at 8:00 P.M., and I hope to be included this time.

5:45 P.M.

The men are preparing for the trip; they are lashing two canoes together side by side; preparing the torches; gathering birch bark and repairing the spears. This time six of us will go.



Birch-bark torch and salmon spear

6:50 P.M.

It seems that these people look to me for medical attention and advice, and with the help of my personal first-aid supply I have been of some help—hope the aspirin lasts. Two men have come to me this evening, one with a toothache, the other with a headache—aspirin to both—advice to get back to St. Augustin settlement for extraction of tooth to the first.

7:00 P.M. All is ready, call to start on the spearing trip, weather cold and damp, we start. Six men in two canoes that are lashed together; all have paddles, one forward, one astern, one midship in each canoe. Heading downstream into the rapid water is easy, but to hold this large bulk still is almost impossible; however, we manage. The forward men do the spearing, the midshipmen tend the torches, and those astern try to hold the canoes in position. I tend the torch, lighting a new one as the first one dies, amid a great deal of quiet activity. You can see the salmon lying in pools near the bottom, water about three feet deep; suddenly the spearman drives his spear, and when the thrust is successful, flips a large salmon in the face, lap, or what-have-you of the man amidship. As the night passes, it gets colder and colder. We are all wet, and large salmon plop in the water partially covering the bottom of the canoes. Finally the cold is unbearable, and I am pleased to hear that we are heading back. We have about 200 pounds of salmon, nine fish, about two for each tent.

12:30 P.M. Return to camp and retire.

October 20 Arise 6:00 A.M. Weather overcast, cold, damp. Two brothers (Maurice), trappers from St. Augustin settlement (the ones I met near the first rapid), arrive and set up their tent about 200 yards from our camp (the Indians').

I visit with them for a short time and they invite me to eat with them this afternoon.

Their father, Dick Maurice, my old friend, has guided several surveying and prospecting parties—one as early as 1890—and he probably knows this bush country as well as the Indians, as he has trapped in the area most of his life.

9:45 A.M. Visited my patients of the previous day. Find one is well again—the other has improved some (more aspirin).

10:00 A.M. The men speak about the lack of firewood here, and there is a possible campsite move in prospect.

10:30 A.M. The heads of families begin to cut a trail through the forest to another site situated about one-quarter mile upstream, and mark the trees with their axes as they go so that the women and children can follow later with the camp gear.

11:30 A.M. The new campsite is cleared, tent sites selected, and poles cut for the erection of the tents.

3:30 P.M. As we prepare the area, the snow starts to fall, and continues until 5:30 P.M., when we return to camp.

6:30 P.M. I go to the Maurice brothers' tent and we have a meal of pussels, wrinkles, bannock, and tea with sugar and canned milk. I am much pleased with it. They plan to continue north in the morning, to their trapping ground.

8:30 P.M. After a pleasant visit I bid the Maurices farewell and return to camp. The night has turned clear and crisp. The sky and moon are a sight to behold as I walk slowly by moonlight back to Peon's tent.

9:15 P.M. Peon and his wife have been awaiting my return and we retire.

October 21 Arise 5:15 A.M. Weather clear and cold. Breakfast of oatmeal and tea.

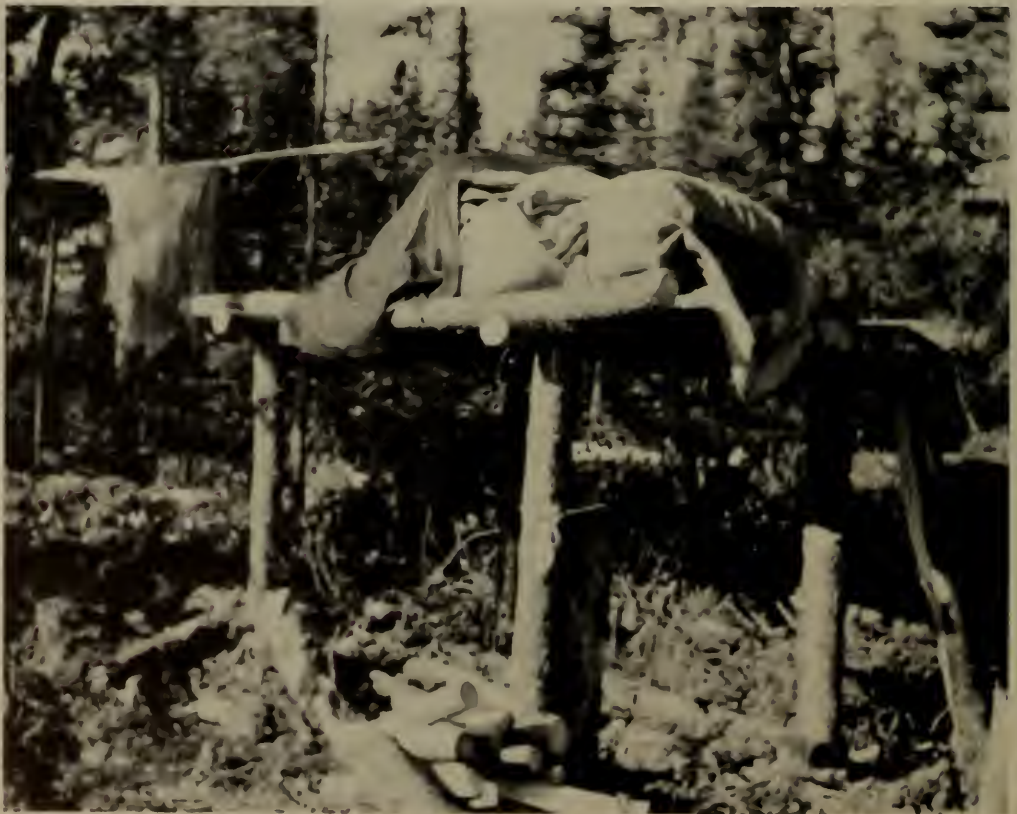
6:30 A.M. The activities have begun and an air of anticipation prevails. We all go about gathering our belongings and folding our tents for the big move to the new campsite.

10:30 A.M. The heads of families have gone ahead with a load, and on arrival begin to clear some of the snow with homemade wooden shovels for the places where they intend to erect their tents. As they do, the women begin to arrive with the gear. The tents are erected and we all return for more gear. This continues until it has all been transported to the new location.

2:00 P.M.

The girls go into the bush to cut evergreen boughs for tent liners, and return with large quantities tied up in canvas and held on their backs by looping the tied place over their foreheads. These bundles weigh upward to 100 pounds, and the girls range from 13 to 16 years old. When they return, they immediately set to the task of lining the tent floors.

The men are busy cutting and hauling quantities of logs for firewood. The boys are busy at play, and the small girls help their mothers unpack their belongings. Once these activities cease, the men erect their stoves and make fire, then proceed to cut large poles and erect platforms (without nails) about 6 feet high by 4 feet by 10 feet. On these they store their supplies—flour, lard, dried meat, and such—and cover them with canvas. Many other items hang from the platforms or are strapped over the canvas, such as snowshoes, toboggan, sleigh, dog harness and so forth. The platform serves as a storage place too high for the dogs to get at.





The tents are new—they were made by the women at the previous camp—and are more securely erected. They are staked to the ground and lined inside and banked outside with moss. The campsite is well sheltered by fairly large spruce and fir trees, and is about 100 feet from the St. Augustin River.

- 3:30 P.M. We are now somewhat settled, but much is left to be done. There remain only four tents, each representing a family and all related by blood or marriage. William Lalo seems to be headman, Peon Peter next in rank.
- 6:15 P.M. We have fish, bannock, and tea for our night meal, and settle down to rest and chat until retiring.
- 9:00 P.M. Many visitors, all ages and sexes, in the tent. They come first to sit and watch and seem to enjoy seeing me undress and get into my bag amid the giggles of the girls and laughter of the men. Being tired out, I try to get to sleep but find comfort hard to come by, as the ground under me, through the layer of boughs, is frozen and snow covered; and though the air in the tent is warm, I cannot get any of it under me.

- October 22 Arise 6:15 A.M. Weather overcast. Last night we had a heavy freeze and the river is frozen over, so I had to take an ax this morning to cut a hole to wash and brush my teeth. That water is cold!
- 7:15 A.M. After breakfast we turn again to the task of cutting and hauling firewood for the long cold winter. The women are making bush tents of old duck, moccasins, and other essentials for the men to take with them to their trapping grounds. I am told that the hunters will leave about November 1.
- 12:30 P.M. Take pictures of the boys at play. The weather has turned warmer and is overcast, and the river ice is melting.
- 1:30 P.M. Starts to rain, turns to snow, and clears at 4:30 P.M., with a nice sunset. We may see the end of the major wood cutting and erection of supply scaffolds tomorrow.
- 2:00 P.M. A large Army two-prop helicopter passes over, obviously on a search of some kind. The helicopter is new to the Indians—in fact, they have only seen two, and these in the past two weeks. They are frightened of them and stay close to their tents or hidden in the bush when one appears.
- 4:00 P.M. We return from wood cutting and two of the men plan to go salmon spearing again tonight. There has been no game seen, so we are still on fish, bannock, and tea.
- 9:15 P.M. There is a nice moon but slightly overcast. Five men are playing cards in our tent while the woman, girl, and young boy sleep.
- 10:00 P.M. Retire to the cold ground to try again for a comfortable night.



Above, boys absorbed in a game which is similar to jacks and played with pine cones. *Below*, a youngster poses shyly with his bow.



- October 23 Arise 6:15 A.M. Weather fair, sunny, and warmer. Spend the morning assisting with the final haul of supplies from last camp, which is now complete, and storing of same on the erected platforms. There has been a great deal of plane activity this day, which fascinates the Indians; whenever one passes, all hands must go out to see it.
- 12:20 P.M. Have lunch. Leave camp with Peon on a trip about eight miles back from the river into the forest. The snow is about 20 inches deep here and the going rough. We have seen many signs of game tracks of lynx, caribou, porcupine, partridge (white partridge is plentiful here). Spend the afternoon setting traps for mink and lynx. Peon will trap here until he takes me out to the coast and returns to trek up the mountain to his winter ground at Round Pond, some six-day 35-mile distance from our present and base camp.
- 6:05 P.M. Return to camp, eat, and rest.
- 9:15 P.M. Retire. Weather holding. I hope to have more time for photography now that we are settled for a while, if only I can get some good weather.
- October 24 Arise 6:15 A.M. Overcast but tolerable.
- 7:00 A.M. William Lalo and grown son Joe, with 14-year-old Charlie Mark, are planning to take some of their gear to the first cache en route to their trapping ground, as all the trappers plan to leave on Monday.
- 8:00 A.M. They leave loaded with gear which they will deposit about four miles from here, return and take more again before the day is over. My morning is spent helping around camp.
- 12:40 P.M. After lunch, Peon and I set out for another area he trapped last year. We plan to pick up his traps and set them for lynx and mink on arrival. We find his traps gone. This is unusual in this part of the country and can lead to much bad blood if the culprit is found or even suspected. When a man is in the bush he usually finds his things as he left them. They will

stay until they are reclaimed or they rot.

4:45 P.M. Return to camp to find William, Joe, and Charlie back after making their two trips to the cache. The men are making new salmon spears in anticipation of the night's expedition for salmon.

6:30 P.M. Peon's sister's mother has received frames for snowshoes which one of the men made, and she is preparing them to weave. I hope she will work on them tomorrow, as I should like to take pictures of her stringing them. This operation is wholly woman's work. I note with interest that all of the Indians by now have forsaken the commercial footgear for sealskin boots and caribou moccasins of their manufacture. Also have noted that the men are served their meals before the women and children. Killed a porcupine today. Weather has turned cold again.

October 25 6:15 A.M. Arise. Weather poor, threat of snow. The salmon spearers returned during the night with 11 salmon.

9:00 A.M. The young men and boys leave to hunt and I go to Peon's sister's tent to photograph the old lady stringing snowshoes. This is an interesting art; a new caribou hide is cut into four pieces; each of these pieces is cut with scissors into one long strip $1/8$ to $3/16$ inches wide, and is started at the outside and at one of the corners. (I am told that before they had scissors or knives this was done with the thumbnail. However, I am somewhat skeptical about this.) Once the strips are cut, they are rolled into hanks and stored for use. The men make their own frames and give them to a woman to string. The hank of babiche is soaked in water so it will soften for use. Keeping the babiche damp, the work begins, with deft fingers and the help of a bone or metal bipointed needle which is perforated in the middle. The woman is able to weave one snowshoe in a day, provided she stays with it.



10:00 A.M. William Lalo continues to pack his gear for the bush trip. The girls chop and saw wood for the stoves and bring in more fresh evergreen boughs for the tent floors and lay them on the existing boughs. This

makes the floor more resilient and also more resistant to the cold from the ground.

Because the water is carried from the river in a lard bucket which is not always clean and all persons drink from a common dipper, and because the children's noses are constantly runny and TB exists among them, I decide to get my own supply of water in a capped jug and keep it in the corner of the tent near my belongings. I am satisfied with this arrangement until I find the runny-nosed children using my jug. From now on I shall drink at the river.

12:15 P.M. At lunch Peon speaks to me about going with him and the men on Monday to help carry their gear into the bush to Grassy Pond (*Gamoshewagamaat*). I agree to help after he promises to come out with me as soon as we finish. He will trap there this winter, so we will have to set up his winter tent and camp at that point.

In the afternoon I visit all the tents; the girls and women are busy making bush clothing and other essentials for the men to take with them. I take photographs.

5:15 P.M. The hunters return with seven porcupine and two partridges, and the women proceed to burn off the quills over an open outdoor fire. They will prepare the porcupines to eat tomorrow. As the hunters left camp unarmed, I ask how they are able to get so much game, and am told that they treed the porcupines, felled the trees with an ax, and dispatched the creatures with a club. The partridges were located, flushed, and knocked down by short sticks thrown at them. A stone is often used for the same purpose, thus saving valuable ammunition.

8:30 P.M. I was asked to go to another tent, where I found an old woman who had cut her finger badly. I cleaned and bandaged the wound. I have one or two of these calls each day. It is lucky I have some medical supplies.

9:45 P.M. Retire.

- October 26 5:45 A.M. Arise. Fine, warmer.
- 6:30 A.M. The women are already busy preparing the porcupine. The stench of burning hair, quills, and flesh permeates the camp. Breakfast of partridge and dumplings, bannock and tea, after which I take pictures.
- 10:00 A.M. The people are called together and a short dance begun. They dance in a circle to the beat of a tin washtub—for want of a drum—and the chant of a song by William Lalo. All participate.
- 11:00 A.M. The three men (William, Joe, and Charlie) from William Lalo's tent leave with supplies and gear to deposit at the first cache. Their entire trip will take them about seven days out.



11:45 A.M. Lunch. I have fried porcupine, bannock, and tea while the Indians enjoy the pleasure of half-cooked porcupine entrails.

After lunch the old woman makes a fire outdoors, impales a porcupine by the tail on a large hook, attaches the hook to a caribou hide thong which she affixes to a pole driven into the ground, and ties the thong to the pole so that the animal dangles head down above the flame. After seating herself comfortably, she proceeds to rotate the animal, keeping it in motion. The roasting process takes about three hours. Frankly, I feel I cannot eat the porcupine, but my hunger dictates otherwise.

3:15 P.M. Mrs. Lalo, William's wife, has shown me a craft rarely seen these days. It is birch-bark cutout patterns; a thin layer of bark is stripped, and by folding it in certain ways and cutting it with scissors, most pleasing designs are achieved. I believe the Indians used these as stencils in painting hide clothing in days past, and know they are sometimes used to outline with pen or pencil designs on shot pouches and moccasin toe insets which are then decorated with glass seed beads. Another old craft was shown me—the bitten patterns achieved by nipping a thin sheet of folded bark with the front teeth, the product design pleasing and quite varied. This is also done by the Cree Indians to the west. I shall attempt to collect samples of these before I leave the bush.

4:30 P.M. The Indians have just brought to me a small girl child who has cut her hand badly on a newly sharpened ax she was playing with. I have cleaned the wound and bandaged same. I hope it will heal.

6:30 P.M. The three men who left camp this morning return. They report that the trail is deep with snow and that ice has made the climb treacherous. They have brought in one partridge and 12 trout and tell of signs of much caribou along the trail.

9:15 P.M. Turn in.



Mrs. Lalo demonstrates how designs are bitten into a piece of folded birchbark. *Below*, she holds a finished cutout pattern made with scissors.



October 27

6:15 A.M. Arise. Weather cold and clear. Have breakfast. Prepare for the interior trek. I note an interesting collection of objects hung on the line stretched across the inside of our tent: porcupine guts, salmon heads, a pair of dirty socks, a skirt, a boy's shirt, a drum hoop, and a pair of newly made mitts.

9:00 A.M.

Leave base camp in the company of four men and three boys. We are loaded with gear and supplies, each carrying at least 80 pounds and the young men about 150 pounds.

The trail is bad and the snow deep. My wide rubber boots stick in the narrow footpath and I find it difficult to keep up with the Indians. Finally they disappear on the trail ahead and I am obliged to follow their tracks. At first this trail is reasonably clear and level; soon it becomes boggy, and then abruptly climbs up moss-covered icy rock, then into the forest and up and up. I can understand now why the Indians are called Montagnais (mountaineers). After a three-hour walk I come upon the Indians preparing for lunch (tea). We rest awhile, and continue on the trail; the snow becomes deeper, almost deep enough to require snowshoes, and, as usual, the Indians are soon out of sight.

I follow their tracks; suddenly they leave the trail and I notice many tracks of caribou; obviously a small herd has shortly crossed our trail. I am undecided about what to do and think it unwise to leave the trail, so I wait, and in a short time three of the group return to explain what I have already realized. They had spotted the tracks and had given chase; the three who had returned had given up and were going ahead to Grassy Pond, which soon after comes into view. It is a large lake, now ice covered, and high in the mountains. Soon we are on the ice, which cracks as the four of us with our loads start out on it; we are obliged to disperse. Finally, after a mile or so, walking across the lake, we come to a sheltered place.

- 1:30 P.M. Here we erect two tents: one is to be used as Peon's party's hunting camp and, for the present, to store his gear; the other will house the rest of the hunters for the night.*
- 3:45 P.M. Two more unsuccessful hunters arrive at camp while the last man continues to track the caribou. While the tents are being erected, two of the boys and myself chop holes in the ice (2½ feet thick) with an ax and fish for trout with a hand line to which is attached a small hook baited with salt pork. The trout are small but plentiful, and as we catch them, they are thrown on the ice, where they freeze solid in a matter of minutes. In a short time we have five on the ice, and soon out of nowhere birds—called by the Indians, in English, jay birds—appear and attempt to carry off our catch, without success. They are able to peck a few holes, however. We catch 25 trout, enough to eat for our night meal, and quit.
- 4:15 P.M. Return to our tent to revel in the beauty of nature around us. We are high up in the mountains with only a few snow-covered peaks above us in the distance. Certainly they do not exceed our height by much. The sun is setting and it is turning colder. It is about minus 20 degrees F.
- 5:00 P.M. The last of the hunters returns. He had followed the caribou herd but could not catch up with it, so he gave up the chase.

*In the morning one tent will be taken down, carried to the next base camp location, and erected there for the second group. From thence the third party proceeds to the final location and sets up its base camp.

Three tents will thus be erected at about ten-mile intervals. Should any one of the hunters get into difficulty, he can return to the closest one for help. When the season ends (March-April), the third group will break camp and travel to the second tent; then they will both break camp and return to the first tent. When everyone is accounted for, the hunters will return together with their catch and gear, down the mountain to their home base and eventually back to the trading post at St. Augustin.



6:00 P.M.

We prepare our meal—trout, bannock, and tea—and it is decided that we all sleep in the one tent and use the other as storage area for gear and goods. Our tent is small—7½ feet by 8½ feet, meant to accommodate three. However, we have eight. The boughs on the floor are thin, the stove is makeshift, made of a five-gallon drum (previously discarded) and set on greenwood posts. Peon has forgotten his own stove material, and will now have to wait until we return to the Hudson's Bay Company post to get sheet metal. We finally settle down to sleep, lying on 2½ feet of snow and for the most part on each other. The stove posts are smoldering and the tent is filled with smoke. Hot as hell, plus the stench of eight unwashed humans who have been in the bush since early morning. In a short time, however, all the Indians are asleep and I am trying, in my place in the tent, to put my feet near the stove. About midnight I awaken from a fitful rest to discover the stove has burned the stakes and the floor boughs are in flames. I quickly awaken the crew, and in a short time we have extinguished the fire without much damage except a few charred socks and some sore feet. I finally go to sleep at 2:30 A.M.

October 28

4:15 A.M. Arise. Weather cold and clear. Await sunrise, which is beautiful.

5:15 A.M.

Have bannock and tea. Shortly after, the other tent is folded and a few words spoken as the five hunters leave for their campsites deeper in the mountains. The farthestmost tent, which will be situated on Salmon River Pond, belongs to William Lalo. The Indians have devised sleds made of fir boughs—each man loads one with gear, which he pulls along the ice by means of an attached rope. These sleds are very practical; they glide smoothly, and pulling them is much easier than backing; also, much more gear and supply can be transported. The hunters can use this device as far as the ice goes in their direction.



Peon Peter, having forgotten his own stove material, makes one from a discarded five-gallon drum.

- 8:00 A.M. It is turning milder. The sun is hot. Peon and I make the rounds to decide where he will trap when he returns. In our absence, Peon's boy has caught a few trout, which we eat.
- 10:30 A.M. We prepare to make the trip back to base camp, leaving our tent, gear, and supplies intact.
- 11:00 A.M. The downhill trail is even more treacherous than it was on the way in and we have many falls—without major injury, just a few cuts and bruises. Stop only once for a short rest. Peon, his boy, and myself arrive at base camp about 3:30 P.M., to find things just as we left them.
- 6:00 P.M. The white trappers (Maurice brothers) come by camp and visit me in our tent.
- 8:30 P.M. I am very tired and turn in.

October 29 6:00 A.M. Arise. I note the river, although swift, is beginning to ice over again, and realize it is time to prepare to leave for St. Augustin Village if I hope to get out by canoe; otherwise, I will have to await a solid freeze and walk back on the ice. The last plane is scheduled to arrive and leave St. Augustin on November 3, weather permitting. After discussing the matter with Peon, we decide to leave immediately.

8:00 A.M. Pack some gear and a few supplies and leave at 8:30 A.M. The paddling is difficult, and we finally reach midstream and open water. This is filled with loose ice. I paddle forward. After paddling two hours, the paddles are coated with ice and we are obliged to take the canoe ashore to break off the coating of ice that had formed on the hull. Peon explains that when the hull is iced the canoe can tip easily.

Regaining midstream, we paddle until we reach a large island and decide to take the left channel, but find to our dismay that it is frozen over; we proceed to push the canoe up on the ice and break our way through; this we continue to do for about one-quarter

mile, but the ice gets too thick and we decide to try the right channel. However, we are obliged to backtrack at least one-half mile to the head of the island again. As we turn the canoe upstream we find the channel we had broken had frozen over again, and we must break our way through once more. Finally, we see the end of the island and make for the right channel. Although it is slush-filled and has some chunks of ice in it, we are able to paddle with some ease downstream.

- 2:30 P.M. After paddling about four miles, we run into solid ice once more and have to break our way through about one-eighth mile of it.
- 3:00 P.M. Starts to snow, coming on heavy, turning to sleet, then to rain. We are soaked to the skin and kneeling in the cold water.
- 3:45 P.M. Turns worse; it is now snowing very hard.
- 4:30 P.M. Turning dark as we beach our canoe and set up our tent and make a fire so we can dry a little. It has been a tough trip, and our tea and bannock is as good as any feast can be. The tent floor is soggy as we have no boughs with which to line it.
- 6:00 P.M. Peon has just told me that we will have tea from now on; no bannock left, no dry wood for heat, and no candle for light. He has made a lamp by filling a baking-can cover one-half full with lard and inserting a twisted cloth wick into it; this serves to light the tent a little. He tells me that in olden days they made and used exclusively a small stone lamp which they filled with caribou grease, using a moss wick; but now in modern times they usually have candles.
- October 30 Confined to camp all day due to heavy snow.
- October 31 Snow continues. I try to get Peon to go on but he refuses. Says it is too dangerous, so I take notes from him to pass the time.

- November 1 Snow continues, turning to sleet, then rain. The tent is leaking badly.
- November 2 5:00 A.M. Arise. Snow mixed with rain continues. I try again to get Peon to continue on the journey. Haven't eaten in four days and am a mite hungry.
- 9:00 A.M. Although the weather continues to be bad, we realize we cannot be more uncomfortable outdoors than in, so we pack the canoe after breaking camp.
- The river is bad and at the rapids we are forced to tie a rope onto the canoe and drift it and the load down close to shore, holding the rope while we walk along the ice- and snow-covered bank, which is littered with large boulders. These rapids are about five miles long at this point. I am thoroughly chilled and wet to the skin. We stop at an eddy, make a fire to warm ourselves, and make tea.
- 2:00 P.M. Finally cleared the rapids and returned to the canoe to paddle. We have about 28 miles to cover yet.
- 4:00 P.M. Weather worsening, so we go ashore to make a fire to warm and dry some and to have hot tea. The day ends early and we continue to paddle in the darkness. The snow is driving in hard and fast, and we have cleared the last major rapid. Our hands are numb, the paddles and canoe covered with ice.
- As we enter the last stage of our journey back, we have reached that part of the river that is filled with sandbars (these are difficult to navigate in daylight); we are now in the blackest of night and must feel our way along. Suddenly, the swift water runs us up on a sandbar. It is so dark and the snow so bad, we cannot see the shore on either side of the river. Poling, paddling, pushing, we free ourselves in about 20 minutes, but shortly we are again high on another bar, so the same procedure is repeated, and in one-half hour we are free again. We run onto another bar—this one so bad, we spent over an hour trying to get off. We have just about decided to sleep in the canoe until daylight, but in one bold effort—with

both of us over the side and in hip-deep sand—we are able to push free and continue on our journey.

By now, we are about exhausted and chilled beyond description. We have about ten miles to go, but it seems like a thousand. Finally, we see in the distance a glimmer of light and put the paddles to it, arriving at the settlement about 10:00 P.M. I feel as though I could not have gone another mile.

I have traveled about 250 miles on this journey and feel it was the experience of a lifetime. I have a beard and have lost 44 pounds. As we beach the canoe I leave Peon and head to my lodgings to rest the night; tomorrow I shall attempt to return to New York City.



William F. Stiles, November 5, 1958

Postscript: Peon went to the home of Dick Maurice and the following morning picked up needed supplies, including sheet metal for his stove, at the Hudson's Bay Company post, then began his trip back upstream to his camp in the bush. I saw him on return visits in 1961 and 1966.

INDIAN NOTES

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Clay ocarina depicting a chieftain in an elaborate costume and plumed headdress, seated on a throne carved with two serpent heads. TAIRONA, Colombia, circa 1250-1500. (24/7472) 4 x 4½ inches.

IN THIS ISSUE

New Additions to the Spiro Collection	50
Some New Musical Acquisitions	59
An Early Peace Medal	62

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Fragment of a conch shell engraved with designs representing two rattlesnake tails. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma. (25/100) 3 × 3 inches.

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE SPIRO COLLECTION

by Frederick J. Dockstader

One of the major tragedies of North American archeology was the ruthless vandalizing of the great Spiro Mound complex in LeFlore County, Oklahoma, in the 1930s. Most of the large quantity of beautifully worked objects were torn from the earth, sold to collectors and dealers, and have ended up in private collections and museums throughout the United States—minus a great deal of the information that would have added so measurably to our knowledge of the prehistory of Southeastern cultures of the period A.D. 1000-1600.

Fortunately, some important collections have been accumulated over the years in public institutions such as the Smithsonian Institution, several Oklahoma museums, and the Museum of the American Indian. Shortly following the appearance of Spiro material in the late 1930s, Dr. Heye began a belated effort to acquire some examples from the site. Initially, the exceptional quality of the objects, combined with the mystery of their origin—plus a lack of credence in the locality, since nothing of this sort had ever been found in Oklahoma before—caused him to believe, as did many archeologists, that the “Spiro Focus” was the fraudulent product of some of the many fakers then active in the Southeast.

In time, the Museum’s Spiro collection grew to a respectable size and was outstanding for some of the remarkable engraved conch shell “cups,” as well as for some unusually fine wood and stone sculpture. Other objects were added, including copper and some fragments of textiles, one of which is the largest section of tapestry known to have survived. An extensively illustrated catalog published in 1946 not only summarized our collection as of that date, but also presented a history of the Spiro site by Forrest W. Clements, an Oklahoma archeologist who had been instrumental in efforts to establish an orderly, controlled excavation of this rich but neglected national treasure.

Because of our continuing concern for the preservation of Spiro material, even at this regrettably late date, we welcome opportunities to add to our original collection whenever possible. The acquisition in 1951 of the superb collection of Dr. Edgar Burke, presented by his daughters, Mmes. Robert W. Schwab and F. E. Lee, added strength



Stone bowl with carved bear's head, eyes inlaid with shell. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma. (22/9281) $5\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

to the collection, as did the gifts of Mr. John J. Maffenhier. Subsequently, several isolated examples reputed to have come from the Spiro Mound were acquired, among which were a fine carved stone bowl bearing the effigy of a bear's head, a handsome incised clay water bottle, and several shell fragments, all obtained by exchange; and a group of beautifully worked wood, shell, and copper ornaments which were obtained from the Robert E. Bell Collection.

More recently, six examples of Spiro material were presented to the Museum through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Byron W. Knoblock of Quincy, Illinois. Mr. Knoblock, author of *Bannerstones of the North American Indians* and a major collector of prehistoric material, has befriended us many times in the past and knew of our deep interest in the Spiro site.

Included in the gift are five rare examples of woven textiles, partially preserved by copper deposits, which show a variety of techniques—one fragment even has a cane arrowshaft adhering to its surface. Another prize is a fragment of one of the famous engraved conch shells, with the design of two tails, apparently of rattlesnakes, on the surface. Of particular interest is the variant design of each. If these indeed be rattlesnake tails, was the ancient artist indicating male and



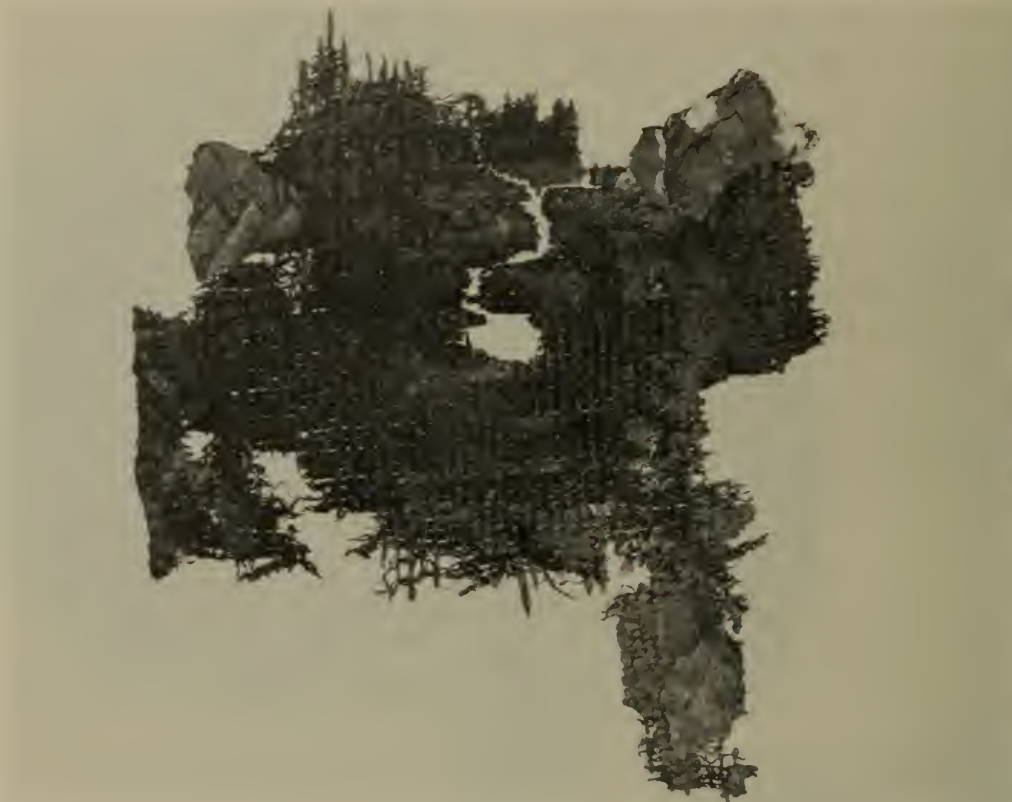
Blackware water bottle with incised designs, also reputed to have come from the Spiro Mound. (24/3204) 9¼ inches high.



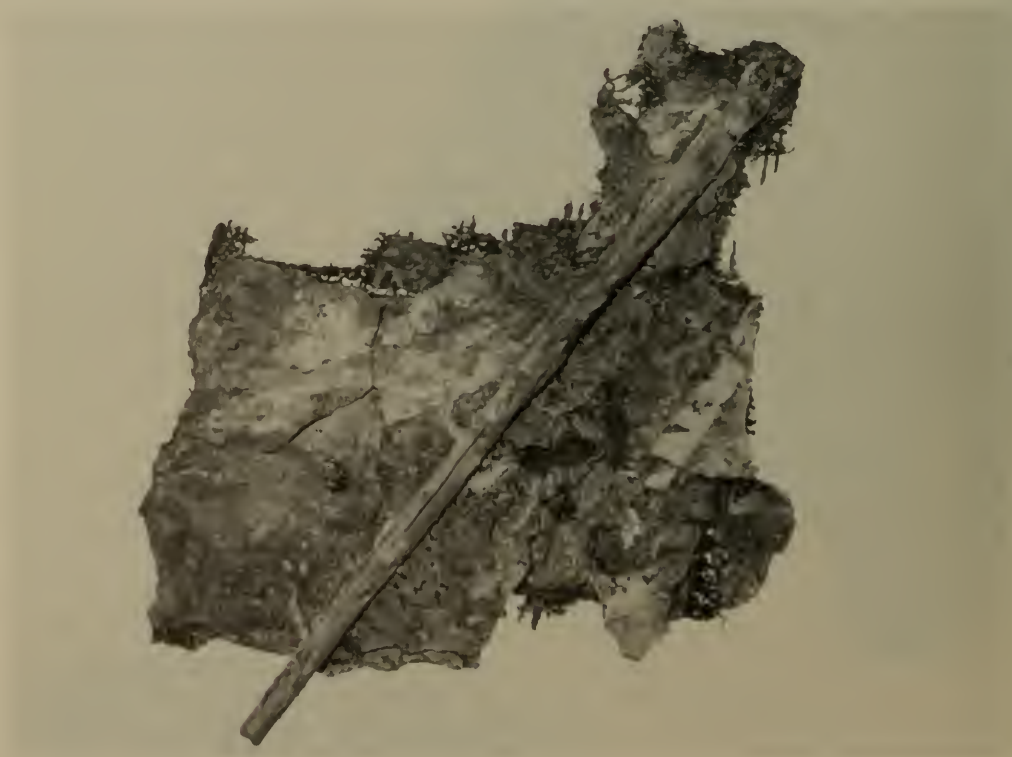
Pair of wooden ear ornaments
representing a bear's head, with shell
inlays and traces of copper. Spiro Mound, LeFlore
County, Oklahoma. (21/3861) $2 \times 2\frac{1}{4} \times 2$ inches.



Wooden ear plugs in the form of a bird's head, with traces of shell inlays in eye sockets. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma. (22/4942) $1\frac{3}{4} \times 2 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.



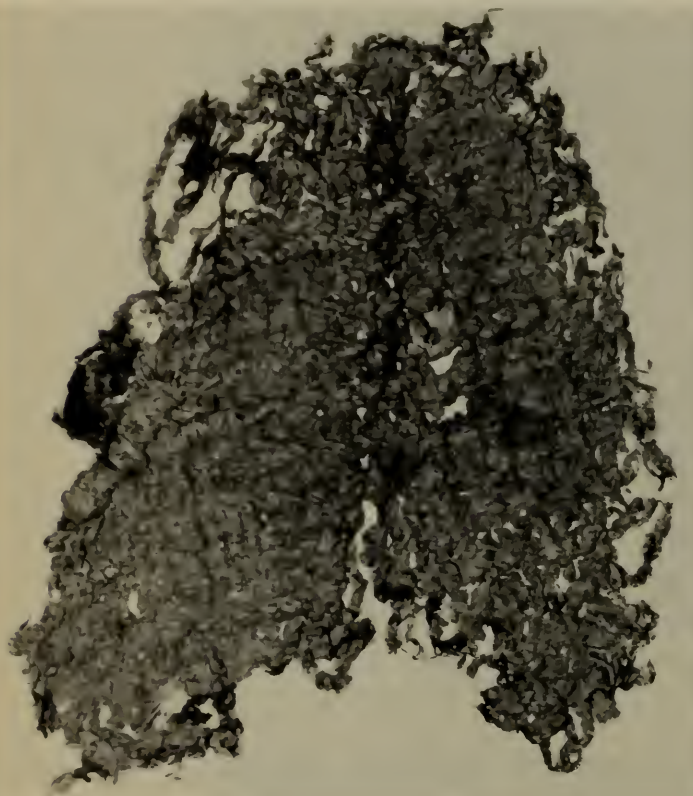
Fragment of textile and basketry. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma. (25/102) $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. *Below*, a fragment of woven textile with buckskin and reed (arrow shaft?) adhered to it, also from the Spiro Mound. (25/106) $4\frac{1}{4} \times 4$ inches. Shaft is $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long.





Above, fragment of woven textile. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma (25/101) $3\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 inches. *Below*, fragment of fiber/textile netting, also from the Spiro Mound (25/105) $2\frac{1}{2}$ x 6 inches.





At left, fragment of loosely woven twisted textile. Spiro Mound, LeFlore County, Oklahoma. (25/104) 4½ x 6 inches. *At right*, fragment of textile cording. Spiro Mound. (25/103) 3½ x 4 inches.

female gender, or was there some other specific reason for this difference? Was there a ceremonial significance? Were they possibly of two different species, clearly recognized by the artist and indicated in this fashion?* We may never know. But the addition of these and other objects to our collection allows us to present one of the most extensive exhibits of Spiro Mound culture to be found anywhere.

We are grateful to our many friends for their help in building this exciting representation of one of America's most remarkable prehistoric civilizations, and especially acknowledge the continued generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Knoblock in presenting these specimens to the Museum.

*Mrs. Alice Dockstader has suggested that this may be intended to indicate dorsal and ventral sides of the serpent's tail.

SOME NEW MUSICAL ACQUISITIONS

by Frederick J. Dockstader

Among the many prehistoric cultures of South America, one of the most remarkable was the Tairona of northeastern Colombia, who occupied the mountainous Santa Marta region of the state of Magdalena. Their origins are still not clear, but they had developed an individual identity by about 1000 A.D. and were still a flourishing society when the Spanish conquistadores arrived, although they were soon destroyed in the fierce warfare which followed. The Tairona were not only superb goldsmiths—a fact leading to their downfall—but also created a distinctive ceramic style as well as a great range of polished stone and carved shell jewelry; the commonly found tubular greenstone and carnelian beads are well known to archeologists.

But of all of the objects created by the Tairona artists, none are more fascinating and visually intriguing than the numerous small carved clay whistles and ocarinas found throughout the area. Their number and variety suggest that the Tairona were an imaginative, artistic people whose musical range must have been tremendous. The ocarinas, usually with four or six tones, were formed in molds from a dull gray or black clay, and subsequently carved into intricately patterned designs depicting anthropomorphic and zoöomorphic beings important in the life of the Tairona.

Our collection was based upon a 1935 exchange obtained from the Field Museum in Chicago. These specimens were collected by Dr. John Alden Mason, whose classic three-volume study, "Archeology of Santa Marta, Colombia" (*Field Museum Anthropological Papers*, Vol. XX, Nos. 1-3, 1931-1939), provides most of our information about the Tairona. The interest aroused by this acquisition impelled Dr. Heye to dispatch Dr. Gregory Mason (no relative) to South America to make further explorations in northeastern Colombia.

More recently, the Museum has added some fine examples of Tairona ceramics from the field work of Mr. Borys Malkin. Mr. Donald C. Webster generously provided the funds with which these could be acquired. Several exchanges at about the same time have resulted in a collection which is now probably second only to that in the Field Museum itself.



Pottery ocarina in the form of a human figure seated on throne, wearing an animal mask. TAIRONA, Santa Marta, Colombia. (24/8963) 3½ x 4¼ inches.



Ocarina with incised decoration, in the form of a human figure, seated on a serpent throne. TAIRONA, Santa Marta, Colombia. (24/6784) 3 x 4 inches.

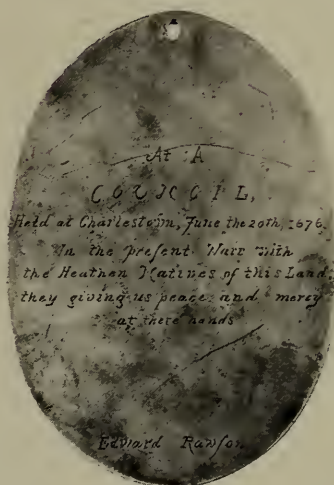


BRASS PEACE MEDAL

Engraved on sheet brass, for distribution to loyal Indians at the close of King Philip's War, issued by Colonial Secretary Edward Rawson, June 20, 1676. Massachusetts Bay Colony, Charlestown. (23/9369) 4 x 5¼ inches.

AN EARLY PEACE MEDAL

During King Philip's War (1675-1676), a portion of the native people living in the Massachusetts Bay Colony remained loyal to the colonists. They fought against their own kindred, scouted for the British forces, and provided information and food, thereby crippling the Indian effort to oust the White immigrants from Native American soil.



Following the Colonial victory, a medal was engraved for presentation as a token of appreciation for that assistance. No record remains as to how many of these medals were prepared; nor do we know where the engraving was actually done, though it was probably London. The present specimen is the sole surviving example known. It is also one of the oldest peace medals, being antedated only by a 1635 medal from South Carolina.

The obverse depicts an Indian woman holding a bow and arrows in her hand, and wearing a fiber skirt of the style seen in so many early steel engravings. This is possibly a prototype of the design for the seal of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The reverse bears the following hand-engraved script text:

*At a
Council,
Held at Charleston, June the 20th, 1676
In the present Warr with
the Heathen Natives of this Land,
they giving us peace and mercy
at there hands
Edward Rawson*

—Frederick J. Dockstader

UNUSUAL GIFT IDEAS AT MUSEUM SHOP

The Museum Shop is please to be able to make some special bargains available to members in time for holiday gift-giving.

Posters by the noted Navajo artist R. C. Gorman, lithographed in dramatic full color on heavy stock (normally retailing for \$5.00), can now be ordered for \$3.00 (please add \$1.00 for postage and handling). The poster, which was used to publicize the artist's recent one-man show here, features three Yeibichai figures and measures 20 x 30 inches.

For the first time, back issues of *Indian Notes*, the Museum's quarterly publication, can be purchased for \$1.50 each. These date back to Volume VIII, No. 1, Winter 1972. Please add 25c each for postage and handling when ordering by mail.

The Shop is also featuring a unique map, printed in four colors, entitled "New York City and Vicinity in Indian Possession." Extracted from the book of the same title by Reginald Pelham Bolton (New York: Museum of the American Indian/Heye Foundation, 1920), it shows the location of scores of tribes in pre-colonial times and lists the present and Indian names of towns. The five-borough area is well defined, as well as the western half of Long Island and parts of New Jersey and Connecticut. The map measures 17 x 20½ inches and sells for \$1.50, including mailing costs. Members will receive their usual 15% discount.

All items are available for purchase either by mail or at the Museum Shop during your next trip to the Museum. Plan to get some for unusual gifts.

Mary Williams
Manager, Museum Shop

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